Harry to Harry, ſhal not horſe to horſe
Meete, and ne're part, til one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that Glendower were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Doug. Thats the worſt tydings, that I heare of it.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a froſty ſound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battel reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.
Com let vs take a muſter ſpeedily,
Domes day is neere, die al, die merily.
Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Falſ. Bardoll, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of ſacke, our ſouldiers ſhal march through. Weele to Sutton cop-hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angell.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, Ile anſwere the Coynage, bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*

Fal. If I be aſhamed of my ſouldiers, I am a ſowſt gurnet, I haue miſuſed the Kings preſte damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150 ſouldiers, 300 and odde poundes. I preſſe mee none, but good houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted batchellers, ſuch as had beene aſkt twice on the banes, ſuch a commodity of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe thē a ſtrook foole, or a hurt wild-ducke: I, preſt me none but ſuch toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices, and now

now my whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, gentlemē of companies, ſla ues as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his ſores: and ſuch as indeed were ne uer ſouldiers, but diſcarded vniuſt ſeruingmē, yonger ſons to yonger brothers, reuolted rapſters & Oſtlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long peace, ten times more diſhonorable ragged, then an olde fazde ancient, and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fifty tottered prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draffe & huſks. A madd fellow met mee on the way, and told me I had vnloaded al the gibbets & preſt the dead bodies. No eie hath ſeene ſuch ſkar-crowes. Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon, there's not a ſhirt and a halfe in al my company, and the halfe ſhirt is two napkins tack't together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Heralds coate without ſleeues, and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolne from my hoſt at *S.* Albones, or the red noſe Inkeeper of Dauintry, but that's al one, they'le find linnen enough on euery hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now, blowne Iack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal*? how now, mad wag? what a diuell doſt thou in Warwickſhire? My good L. of Weſtmerland, I cry you mercie, I thought your honor had already bin at Shrewsbury.

Weſt. Faith, ſir Iohn, 't is more than time that I were there, & you too, but my powers are there allready: the king I can tell you, lookes for vs all, we muſt away al night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.

Prin. I think to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, Iack, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after.

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe, foode for powder, food,